

*The* FOX and GRAPES.

REYNARD by fraud and rapine fed,
 The hen-rooms and the lambkins dread;
 Sated with slaughter, now grown nice,
 A vine with clusters laden spies;
 The fruit to warmest beams display'd,
 In horizontal lines were laid.

Beauty

Beauty has charms: But ah! in vain
 We sigh for what we can't obtain.
 Six feet above the ground and more,
 The wall supports the purple store.
 Beyond thy reach, ambitious creature,
 Whose cunning far exceeds thy stature,
 He longs, and thrice with utmost strain
 Leaps at the Grapes, but leaps in vain.
 Now tir'd, the disappointed thief,
 Tho' sorely vex'd, thus hides his grief.

- A plague, says he, d'y'e call these ripe,
- They'd kill one with the colic;
- I wou'd n't have 'em, if I might,
- I jump'd but for a frolic.'

MORAL.

*Who have, by fortune's malice cross'd,
 Preferment or a mistress lost,
 Wisely dissemble the miscarriage,
 And what they cannot reach, disparage.*



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